## The Paternoster Ruby

\$500,000 Worth of Bed Luck

By Charles Edmonds Walk

CHAPTER V.

The Hidden Safe.

ECTION of the doset floor up, and now stood on dge leaning against a wall; eneath it was a shallow. ented hollow, with four steps leading down to the there, obviously, one might to get conveniently at the small

ad been doing that very thing. For safe door stood open, as well the inner door; and a flash of the a single brief glimpee, assured e that-whatever it might have held t was now as empty as on the It left the maker's hands.

But, stay—there was something, ugh not in the safe. I took the lie from Burke and went down he steps. On the cement floor, in the dow of the open safe door, was a visiting-card, yellowed by age. I thought it blank at first; but on traing it over I saw some writing. mint and faded but legible, which had seen penned by a feminine hand: "I pray that you be showered with all the blessings of the season. With

CLARA."

at of the house and seized with a story."

He wheeled a chair up to one sid opened went and laid my hand of the table for Miss Fluette, and I son the handle. Burke's steady prog-made haste to perform a like service

CHAPTER VI.

An Extraordinary Errand. other was her cousid, Miss strikingly pretty, but instead of

"Can we not go at once, Royal?" queried Miss Fluette, doubtfully. "It is dreadfully warm and stuffy in

Maillot. "not for some minutes. Mr. Swift and I have to-to discuss Mr. Page's death."

"It is true, then, is it, that you uncle to dead?" she asked in a bushed

that morning I was staggered. Felix Page's nephew and Alfred Flustte's daughter sweethearts! The two men themselves bitter enemies! One lying coid in death—murdered! Is it any wonder that I was stricken speechless? "Don't look so astonished, Swift," Maillot was saying. "That is only a part of what I have to tell."

And in the lower left-hand corner a fact was written—an old, old date:

"But—Felix Page your undel" I marvelled, as soon as I recovered my breath. "Look here, Maillot, it's not often that I'm so thunderstruck; why haven't you told me this?"

"It's true," he said slowly; "he was my mother's brother. Neither of us was particularly proud of the connection—not enough to brag of it. I was meaning to tell you, though, swift; it is an essential part of my story."

"Now Start Something" | By Robert Minor



goes the hand. Burker's steady proper great toward the half door seemed to be simple and called a find the had failed, he turned since strives of the half of the

The strain of the control of the con

## The Smuggler

By Ella Middleton Tybout.

CHAPTER VIII.

believe; in fact, there are only one of two known to be in existence. The squeeze.

old gentleman declared that one of Before the door deced Miss Cog several was worth five times as much as a diamond of equal weight, much the more beautiful of the same across her shoulder. She much the more beautiful of the same across her shoulder.

and that the value increased propertionately with each additional carat.

"But I could only sit and stare at it and wonder, and now and then pinch myself to see whether I was in residity awake and not the victim of a fantastic Arabian Nights nort of dream."

After a while the conference between uncle and nephew ended. Mr. Page would not allow the young man to depart from the house at that hour of the night with the gem, pointing out (reasonably enough) that nobody but a fool would be abroad at such a time with \$600,000 on his person; though, in his anxiety to secure the ruby and be away before his uncle had an opportunity to change his mind, Mailiot might have retorted that

Maillot's Experience.

E must have made a Rombrandt-like picture"—to quote the young man again—"the two of us bending over this table by the light of a solitary candle.

There was a wan reflection of the flame from the polished table-top, but elsewhere all was darkness and the shadows crowded in close. The most brilliant thing in the room was that wonderful jewel, glowing and scintilisting like blood-red fire.

"It was considerably larger than the end of my thumb—as large as a big flakery—nut and, my uncle averred, flawless. Rubles of such alse and without a flaw are extremely rare, I believe; in fact, there are only one or two known to be in existence. The same above his head to facilitate my wask.

"There!" I ejaculated at last, with an attempt at making light of the man in the instrument, you'll only long on a policy. "If you'll only long the man in the instrument, you'll only long the man in the instrument, you'll you'll only long the man in the instrument, you'll you'll only long the man in the instrument, you'll you'll only long the man in the

Maillot in the library. a